



Thousand-Year Gang



👁 6 ✓ 0 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by Luke Meyers

A crowd of purple, in every shape and size. It was the first time in living memory that so many of us had gathered in one place. We had never had so much in common. All eyes were on the silvered, dusty patriarch as he perched himself up stiffly at the head of the banquet table. Rapping a fistful of rings on his makeshift lectern, the old man began to speak:

"History happens a day at a time, and a lot can happen in twenty-four hours. One day from now, we mark a thousand years of our hallowed organization. For we have grown from our origins as a street gang, a mere assemblage of criminals with no better prospects, into an institution unlike anything this frail world has ever seen.

"How have we made it this far? What do we possess that allows us to endure, to defy all enemies and come back up standing at the start of each new day? It is each other, my brothers and sisters. It is our way of life, our traditions, our own law. Our bond here runs deeper than family. It has always protected us, from one day to the next.

"But never without struggle. We only survive because each damn one of you is out there every day, doing what's got to be done and getting blood in your teeth. So be it. And on this day..."

He paused, his face tightening into a penetrating scowl.

"On this day, on the eve of our greatest triumph, we face an unprecedented threat. One that may end us. The next twenty-four hours will tell the fate of us all."

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#)

[Rooms](#)

[Feedback](#)



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account